

MARY THE MAID OF THE INN...

A Story of English Life.

By JOSEPH HATTON.

(CHAPTER IV.—Continued.)

At the same time Dick had no greater admirer than Andrew Foster, for the very reason that Morley admired his niece. Dick had qualities Foster did not possess, resources he could not understand, was always merry, and combined with the manners and appearance of a prince, rare generosity.

Unfortunately for the continuation of Foster's good opinion, Dick had of late made nothing and spent much, his gallantries being as expensive as his personal extravagance in other directions. Moreover, he had recently endangered both Foster's neck and his own by a piece of unnecessary recklessness that had rendered it desirable they should seek fresh woods and pastures new for their future operations. This had brought them to Yorkshire; and their quarry, as Foster called it, was this very Bellingham who had supped in the same room with them, and had been spotted by Dick with his usual promptitude.

The next morning when they were getting up the travelers had an interesting conversation.

"He is going to Newcastle," said Foster; "on his return he will stop at York."

"Yes," said Dick.

"Black Diston will shadow him meanwhile, and we will meet him at a convenient bend in the road near the abbey if the time is convenient."

"The money is not in doubt?"

"Not in the least; we have information from a clerk in the bank."

"The young fellow we drank with at Leeds last night?"

"You are devilish quick—the same."

"Ah, now you are quite well again, Andy; you have not paid me a compliment for a week."

"I hope to pay you several before the month is out, and to see ourselves provided for the winter."

"Always practical," said Dick; "and between now and the Bellingham incident, what is your proposal?"

"The program is yours, not mine. We move on today, get acquainted with the roads, visit Harrogate, take a glance at York, and make dispositions for retreat to Whithy, where a sloop will be lying at anchor for us."

"You will forgive me if I change the program."

"Change it!" exclaimed Foster; "it is a settled scheme, and we are on it. And I never made a more complete plan of retreat nor a longer one, by your own wish."

"I shall take up my quarters here during those ten days."

"Then by all the oaths which bind us I will not forgive you," said Foster, hissing the words between his broken teeth.

"Why not?" asked Dick, paying more than usual attention to his toilet.

"Because you are at the old game; and I will neither be ruined nor hanged for you, except in the way of business—though, mark me, Dick, I will not tamely give you up. You are necessary to this work—it has got to be done. When it is done, you can come and stay here until you rot; for, whatever happens, I have done with you when this job is over."

"There is something wrong, truly," said Dick. "I have thought so many times these six weeks; you talk so much and so fast, reticent Andy, we used to call you—loquacious would be more truthful now."

"I mean business, Dick—never so much as on this occasion—and neither heaven nor hell nor you shall stop me, and if it comes to a quarrel between you and me, let it come—only don't forget that it ends one of us."

Foster spoke with calm, brutal deliberation. His manner and his language evidently made an unusual impression on the younger traveler, who paused while buckling his shoes, looked up into the sinister face of his companion and bit his lip as if to stop an angry retort.

"Your language is as ugly as your face," said Dick; "you show your teeth like Wild's bull terrier before she springs. What is it? Shall we go out and have a shooting match in the yard, and introduce a funeral into the outdoor entertainment of Kirkstall, or what other delightful surprise have you in store for the natives?"

"I mean friendship, honor, share and share alike; or I mean what we all mean when a comrade turns traitor."

"Who is conducting this business?" asked Dick, standing up and confronting Foster.

"Up to now, you."

"Then listen. I have other schemes beyond the Bellingham business which you will be good enough to allow me to develop in my own way. It is my intention for the next week or so to fish in the Aire. I shall go into Leeds in the morning and buy bait and tackle; you will amuse yourself as you please in the meantime. I think you should reconnoiter Harrogate and York—study the roads—I will be ready to join you when you want me."

"I know you well enough," said Foster. "To understand this change of front. I have said all I intend to say—you know me well enough to know what I mean. I am friend or foe, as you elect—friend to the death, foe to the death. You are in command; if the affair miscarries through you it will be our last campaign, and—"

"That is enough, Mr. Andrew Foster. I have stood your insolence and your threats for a long time—now you have inflicted them upon me because I have been friend enough to go a step beyond your rights of share and share alike. I owe you a little money—it is only the low-born cur who serves his friend and mentions it—we will call a truce on this quarrel; but you shall answer it! And now let it stop, or, if you were fifty times my comrade and fifty times Andrew Foster, I would strangle you where you stand."

As he spoke, the young man, by a

quick action of his right arm, pinned Foster to the wall as if he were in a vise.

"There! Curse you, strong as you are. I could tear your heart out, if you had one! Curse you for a luck-stealing wretch!"

CHAPTER V.

Andy writhed under the young man's grip and words, grew livid and was clearly afraid.

Suddenly releasing him, Dick flung him to the ground, and drew a pistol from his breeches pocket.

Foster looked up for a moment, then gathered himself together and arose to his feet. He did not speak; neither did Dick. The deadly silence was at last broken by Dick.

"Am I the chief?" he said, replacing his weapon.

"You are the chief," Foster replied. "This is our first serious quarrel, let it be our last," said Dick.

"It shall," Foster replied; "the man who can twist Andrew Foster about as if he were a weathercock is good enough to follow."

"You think so, truly? No knife in your thoughts, no knife or pistol on a dark night when your man is off his guard?"

"I am sincere," said Foster, thoroughly convinced.

"Your hand on it."

Foster put out his hand. Dick took it, and as he pressed it in a peculiar way repeated part of the oath which bound the little company of so-called merchants together. "And whosoever he shall break his oath of fealty to the chief, then and there in authority, his life shall be forfeit and may be taken by one and all; or, failing this just execution, he shall be deserted by all in the hour of his need."

"These are the words, I think?"

"They are," said Foster.

"You still subscribe to them?"

"I do."

"Then it is I who spare your life, Andy; not you who spare mine, eh?"

"That is so," said the red-eyed sneak.

"And we will forget all that has occurred to shake our tempers in Kirkstall."

"And at Leeds," said Foster, ready to make the amends more complete.

"We are friends, comrades, brothers, once more," said Dick, with a pleasant smile. "After breakfast you will go on your way—at the end of the week you will report yourself. I will meet you six days hence at York—a mile this side the last turnpike, at 9."

"Right!" said Foster; and such discipline, when enforced by authority combined with superior skill and strength, that half an hour afterwards the young traveler and his friend were breakfasting together as amicably as if there had never been the shadow of a cloud upon their intercourse.

They preferred to eat in the private room that overlooked the high road; Bellingham and two other guests in the general room.

It was a cozy, wainscoted apartment, this private room that flanked the bar, and matched it with a large bow-window, which commanded a fine view of Kirkstall Abbey, with the Aire and a stretch of green meadows in the foreground, and in the distance glimpses of the river as it flowed in crystal beauty through one of the loveliest valleys in England.

As the two travelers were finishing their morning meal they were attracted by Tom Sheffield, the man of all work, leading to the door a smart cobb, which was followed by a young fellow mounted upon a similar animal, the sturdy countryman vaulting out of his saddle to assist a merry-looking girl into hers. Not that Mary required his aid. She took his hands, nevertheless. It was offered with the grace of a perfect horseman.

Jack Meadows was Yorkshire born and bred, and if there is one thing a Yorkshireman can do better than any other man it is to ride a horse, and if there is one thing a Yorkshireman knows more than any other it is a good horse when he sees it. Jack Meadows was a rough farmer; he sat with the dignity of an Indian and the confidence and ease of a huntsman. He wore his velvet jacket, drab breeches, figured stock, and all that, and smiled proudly at Mary as her horse curvetted and showed its points, and her own.

"For a spin to Jack's farm," said Mary, answering her uncle, who stood in an attitude of admiration at the inn door, "and see the new colt; and we will be back half an hour before the coach."

"Very well," said the old man, "be in time for the coach, and you'll be in time for me, Mary. How are you, Jack?"

"Fine morning, Mr. Morley," said Jack. "Very well, thank you, sir."

Old Morley liked to have Jack Meadows address him as "sir," and he favored his suit for Mary.

"Do you think your change of program will work?" Foster asked as Dick caught Mary's eye from the window and waved his hand to her.

"I think so," said Dick, as well he might, if the conquest of Mary occupied the important place in his program, which Foster thought it did; for Dick was quick to note the flush that stared fresh and ruddy upon Mary's cheek as she responded to his salute with a bend of her graceful head, and the sweet parting of her lips into a pleasant smile.

"He is a stalwart-looking chap," said Foster.

"The young countryman?" remarked Dick interrogatively, as if Foster might be speaking of some one else.

"Her lover," said Foster.

"Do you think he is her lover?"

"No; but you seem to think she is the cause of my change of plans."

"You object to my thinking?" said Foster.

"When you doubt the truth and dis-

section of the officer you have sworn to obey."

"Yes; discipline is as necessary in our work as it is in the army; that is Wild's motto, and yours—sometimes."

"Always," said Dick.

"We shall see. But I am off to study the ground, and you will find me this night week, as you order, three miles this side the last York toll gate, at nine."

With which parting remark Foster left the room, paid his bill, ordered his horse, and presently cantered into the highway, past the little Hark-to-Rover Inn.

CHAPTER VI.

As they rode away Jack said, "Who is the foreign-looking noodle who waved his hand from the parlor window?"

He had caught sight of Dick Parker, as Mary turned her horse's head toward the valley, and he noticed the blush which heightened her color as she bowed to the stranger.

"He's no noodle," said Mary. "On the contrary, I should say he can see as far through a stone wall as most."

"Oh!" said Jack, "you have talked with him?"

"Not exactly; I have heard him talk."

"Got the gift of gab, eh?" remarked Jack scornfully.

"Seems to have got many gifts," Mary replied. "His father's a nobleman; he has been in the wars, escaped in a merchantman through the French cruises, lives in London, is traveling for pleasure, and also to see his father. He likes fishing, thinks he will stay a week or two at Kirkstall, rides well, knows all about horses, and foreign countries, has fought a duel and is as handsome as a picture."

Before Jack could reply Mary put her cab into a gallop, and went spinning along the road with her thoughts and fancies all centered in the young stranger at the inn. Jack followed his mind along in open revolt against the stranger, and ready to pick a prompt quarrel with him about horses, foreign parts, French cruises or anything else.

"Handsome as is handsome does," is a good Yorkshire proverb," Jack said as soon as Mary pulled up again.

"Yes; and I daresay it makes for him as well as if he were Yorkshire," said Mary. "I know nothing to the contrary."

"I never seed a French spy," said Jack, "but he's uncommonly like the sort of chap they talk of."

"Why, old Thompson and Jim Renshaw, who've both been in the wars," (To be continued.)

AWED BY A LEG.

What Most Surprised the Buddhist Lama on His Travels in Japan.

The Buddhist lama of Pekin, who has just completed a tour of Japan, seems to have confined his travels heretofore to Tibet and China. In Japan the lama was entertained by Count Okuma at his country estate.

The residence on which was destroyed by fire not long ago. As the new building was not complete the feast was spread in marquees set about under the trees. While Okuma and his guests were conversing the lama observed something unusual about one of the count's legs. The latter, observing this, had the interpreter inform the lama that the limb was an artificial one. Had the amazement with which this was received been manifested by a less august personage than the Buddhist prelate of Pekin it must certainly have been amusing to those about him. But Count Okuma hastened to explain. Even then the lama seemed incredulous, and it was not until he had examined the artificial leg critically, felt it with his own hands and studied the workings of its joints, that he seemed satisfied of the correctness of what had been told him. Then he gave free expression to his astonishment. He said that surgery had not reached a point in either Tibet or China enabling them to perform such operations as Count Okuma had undergone, nor had the artisans of either country attempted the manufacture of such wonderful contrivances as wooden legs, the pliant joints of which enabled their possessors to go about almost as freely as if they had all the original members.—Baltimore Sun.

The Murderer and Capt. Byrnes.

McGloin was a young ruffian who had murdered a saloonkeeper at a midnight raid on his place. He was the fellow who the night before he was hanged invited the chief of detectives to "come over to the wake; they'll have a devil of a time." For six months Byrnes had tried everything to bring the crime home to him, but in vain. At last he sent out and had McGloin and his two "pals" arrested, so that none of them knew of the plight of the others. McGloin was taken to Mulberry street, and orders were given to bring the others in at a certain hour fifteen or twenty minutes apart. Byrnes put McGloin at the window in his office while he questioned him. Nothing could be got out of him. As he sat there a door was banged below. Looking out he saw one of his friends led across the yard in charge of policemen. Byrnes, watching him narrowly, saw his cheek blanch; but still his nerve held. Fifteen minutes passed; another door banged. The murderer, looking out, saw his other pal led in a prisoner. He looked at Byrnes. The chief nodded. "Squaled, both." It was a lie, and it cost the man his life. "The jig is up, then," he said, and told the story that brought him to the gallows.—Jacob Hils in the Outlook.

Varying It.

The Damsel—"But this is such a queer, unromantic way to propose to a girl, Mr. Wellup. In the daytime, and on the way to a suburban train!" The Widow—"I know it, Miss de Muir. I've generally proposed whilst takin' a moonlight ride with the gal, but I thought I'd go at it different this time, just for variety."—Chicago Tribune.

Department Store of the Future.

Wild-Eyed Man—"I want to arrange for a divorce." Polite Shopgirl—"Two aisles down. This is the counter where we marry people."—Chicago Tribune.

INDIANA STATE NEWS

Three more Indiana teachers have been selected to fill positions in the schools at Manila, P. I. Miss Laura Woodburn of Bloomington will sail in February. Harvey A. Borden, who has been connected with the department of chemistry in the state university, has also decided to go. Miss Mabel Bess of Thornmont will have a place in the normal school.

H. O. Marsh of Winchester has been appointed United States pension agent at Indianapolis. He will succeed J. D. Leighty Jan. 17. The appointment was primarily recommended by Senator Beveridge, and Marsh was willing to forego the office if his friend, L. J. Monks, was made a United States circuit judge to succeed Judge Woods, but after the appointment of Judge Francis E. Baker he announced that he would like the appointment. Two weeks ago Mr. Marsh visited the pension office in Washington and acquainted himself in a general way with the duties he will have to perform.

Owing to the alarming increase in crime among the juveniles of Indianapolis a separate police court has been established, and in addition a new institution, along the industrial school line, will be opened within the next few days. This decision has been announced by Police Judge Stubbs, who declared that the problem presented by the rapidly increasing number of youthful offenders has grown so serious in the last six months that immediate steps are necessary to suppress the epidemic of crime. The separate court has been established for the purpose of preventing the boys from being thrown into contact with the older and more hardened criminals.

Night Watchman William Ray shot and killed a burglar at Summitville. The burglar's pal, who was robbing a saloon, escaped.

Two months ago Miss Edna Keener of Logansport stopped a Panhandle train from going through a burning trestle. Her bravery saved the lives of the passengers and train crew.

With the latter was John Driver, a brakeman. The accident and rescue brought Driver and Miss Keener together and the heroine Friday was married to the man whom she had rescued from death.

Captain Applegate testified in the Rathbun trial at Jeffersonville that Rathbun admitted when arrested that he did not give Goodman laudanum, but intended to administer chloroform later. Dr. L. B. Kastenbine, an analytical chemist of Louisville, who held a post-mortem to determine whether poison had caused Goodman's death, testified that nothing was discovered to indicate that poison was administered. There were no signs of violence on any parts of the body. When the question was put by the prosecution as to the probable cause of Goodman's death Dr. Kastenbine replied that chloroform may have been the cause of death.

The will of Miss Caroline Rathbone, formerly of Evansville, who died in Clifton Springs, N. Y., provides for the building in Evansville of a home for aged women of Indiana. The home will cost \$100,000 or more.

Moses Gates, the third white man to settle in the county where Valparaiso is situated, died at his home Friday, aged 94 years. He lived until his death in the cabin which he built seventy-three years ago.

An overheated pipe started a fire in the Howard county court house, which was suppressed by the court house employees after a lively scramble. The fire department was called out, only to find the water hydrants in that vicinity frozen.

The largest single line of fire insurance ever placed in Valparaiso has been taken by the Phoenix of Hartford. It covers the Pioneer hat works and is for \$100,000. The Phoenix distributes the risk among a half dozen leading companies.

Morris Wiest, a Pan-Handle brakeman, was run over in the Richmond yards Monday and instantly killed. He was 22 years old.

Louise Engel, of LaPorte, who has been treated by a number of city physicians for a supposed incurable disease, Monday coughed up a pin which she had swallowed several years ago. The pin had traveled through her body, causing her intense suffering. For months she was unable to lay on her back, and for another period she suffered intense pain in the region of her heart. Little hope was offered the family for her recovery, but with the exception of the foreign substance her convalescence is now expected.

One of the boilers furnishing motive power in the Indiana bottle works at Shirley collapsed and Frank Bouslog had his clothing torn off and was prostrated by the shock. The building was considerably damaged.

A committee from Greensburg has gone to Washington to urge the reappointment of J. E. Caskey as postmaster of that city. His present term expires in February.

Gardner Beebe, 60 years old, who was whipped his wife, has been fined \$25 and costs by Mayor Schwartz of Huntington. The next grand jury may investigate the matter, as the woman was very seriously injured.

George Reese, president of the Indiana Retail Dealers' Liquor Association is dead at Terre Haute, after a short illness of brain fever.

William Peterson's arm residence near Logansport burned and the family barely escaped with their lives. Peterson was awakened and only managed to get his wife and children out before the roof fell in. They were barefoot and in their night clothes. They ran through the snow to a neighbor's house. Their feet were frosted.

Judge Buskirk of Seymour has fined John B. Todd \$200 for improperly attempting to influence a juror, telling him he would never regret it if he succeeded in bringing about a disagreement.

The Rev. W. S. Starr of Noblesville, has accepted a call to the pastorate of the First Christian church at Greensburg. He will enter upon his duties the first of the year. He has resigned the position of financial secretary of Butler Bible College and the rectory of Butler Bible College, has been chosen to fill the vacancy.

Mrs. Caroline Haas, the burial of whose body occurred at Albion, was born in Germany in 1841, coming to America ten years ago.

Much loss has been sustained by business houses at Fort Wayne during the cold wave by the bursting of water pipes and the flooding of valuable stock.

Frederick Bell, son of John D. Bell of Terre Haute, is revisiting his parents, after an absence of sixteen years in Honduras. He brought with him a Honduran boy, whom he will educate.

The last fire at Logosport started in White's restaurant, spread rapidly, destroying J. P. Arvin & Son's grocery and poultry houses. Walter Brown's barber shop, George Arvin's saloon and Charley Trainor's meat shop. Total loss, \$5,000.

Daniel Sheets, whose death occurred at Mooresville, was born in Virginia in 1825, settling in this country in 1829. He engaged in the mercantile business for forty years, and was one of the organizers of the Farmers' Bank of Mooresville.

The burial of the late D. W. Marshall was held at Terre Haute. Services were conducted by the Rev. Dr. Jesse Bowman Young, of the Walnut Hills M. E. church, of Cincinnati, assisted by Chancellor Hickman, of De Pauw University.

James Burns, saloon keeper at Logansport, who was sandbagged last Friday, died, remaining unconscious to the last, although he occasionally muttered "Don't hit me." There is no clue to the identity of his assailant.

Jacob Barrett, near Zanesville, who was chopping timber in his woods, not returning home when expected, led to an investigation, which found his dead body beside a tree which had been cut down, his ax across his legs. Death is attributed to heart trouble.

William Blockley, aged 29, dying of incurable disease, was carried to the court room in Evansville, that he might be given a divorce from his wife, who abandoned him some weeks ago. Blockley carries life insurance which he has changed so that a friend may inherit it.

Robert P. Shirley, who has successfully operated a small shoe factory at Washington, has interested Cincinnati capital, which employs 200 persons in the same business, and the factory will be enlarged. It is proposed to form a company with \$50,000 capital stock, of which \$25,000 shall be placed in that city.

Mrs. Nellie McDowell, on route home to Princeton from St. Louis, stopped in Brazil, called a carriage and drove to Diamond, where she found her 6-year-old son in school he having been previously kidnapped by her husband from whom she has separated. Catching an electric car, she went to Terre Haute and was soon homeward-bound.

Two trained nurses were employed at the home of Carson Hamill of Terre Haute during the severe illness of his little daughter, and soon a number of valuable articles, including the setting of a diamond, were missing. After the dismissal of the nurses, suspicion fell on Mrs. Pearl Phinney, and upon being confronted by Mr. Hamill she confessed the theft and restored many things taken. A portion of the goods had been burned.

The Indiana Lead Glass Company at Matthews has been compelled to close fourteen of its thirty shops on account of the scarcity of houses in the town causing a scarcity of men. Four-room houses readily rent for \$15 a month. In some houses two or more families live huddled together, not from choice, but of necessity. The men make from \$1 to \$5 per day in the factories.

The recent storm and intense cold weather had a disastrous effect on quail and small birds. The ground was covered with a thick coating of ice before the snow fell, and this prevents the birds from burrowing down to the dry earth on which they are able to find a spot to warm with their bodies. They fly about constantly on the move, and after a time succumb to the cold and hunger. Hundreds of the birds have been found in the snow.

Miss Viola Doyle, a beautiful young girl of 18, was taken to St. Joseph's hospital at Fort Wayne, suffering from intestinal trouble. When the surgeons decided to operate a young man to whom she was to have been married in a few days became so violent in opposition that he had to be put under restraint. The girl died on the table and he is nearly crazy with grief.

George D. Demaree, twenty years a retail grocer at Madison, has filed a petition in bankruptcy. Liabilities \$4,300, with \$3,500 and no preferred creditors.

The secretary of the Wabash Carnegie Library Association has received \$5,000 from Carnegie, the first installment of the \$20,000 donation to the Carnegie Library here.

The Rev. W. A. Littell, pastor for three years of the United Presbyterian church at Bloomington, has tendered his resignation to take effect January 1. He went to Pittsburg.

Mrs. Naomi Mullen of Terre Haute, wants a divorce from Fred Mullen, transient officer of the city schools, alleging that he kidnapped their child and placed it in a Catholic school.

Arthur W. Coleman, post office clerk accused of stealing letters in the Jeffersonville office, has waived examination and given bond in sum of \$300 for Federal court action.

Ida May Geary, 10 years old, was found on the street at Vincennes, nearly dead from exposure, and but scantily clad. She had been sent out to beg by a party of campers.

Fire due to an overheated gas stove destroyed a small house on the county poor farm at Lebanon Monday morning. Superintendent Young discovered the fire in time to rescue two epileptic women inmates. The loss is considerable, with no insurance. By hard work the main building was saved.

English capitalists will establish a vehicle factory at Garyville.

Judge Rawley of Terre Haute discharged Ace Biggs, aged 18, who was before him for shooting William Koukton. Koukton went to a physician with a bullet in his arm and said he had been shot by some one as he went along the big Four road. The police investigated, and Koukton confessed that he had been shot at the home of Gott by her son, young Biggs. Koukton had gone to the house to demand the return of presents he had given to Mrs. Gott, and had knocked the woman down, when the boy seized a rifle and shot him. Judge Rawley fined Koukton \$25 for assault and battery and said the boy who shot him deserved praise instead of a court penalty.

The celebrated Morrell will case, which threatened to run through a long and costly course of litigation at Wabash, has been settled. The attorneys got together and arranged the compromise, which virtually pronounces the will in question bogus. Mrs. Morrell, the widow, who wins the case, pays all attorneys' fees, amounting to over \$1,000, and all costs, aggregating over \$500. The claimant gets nothing. The estate is worth \$10,000.

The Kokomo Rod and Wire Nail Company, which is capitalized at \$1,000,000, is moving rapidly in the construction of its mammoth plant at Kokomo. The estimated cost of construction and equipment is \$450,000. The principal engine, costing the company \$40,000, is now being set. It is expected that the wire and nail departments will be ready to operate by the middle of February. The rod department will be constructed entirely of steel, and when the mill is completed it will cover fifteen acres. Within six months it is expected that 1,500 men will be employed.

Young Jacob Stoltz pleaded guilty at Logansport to having attempted to wreck the Wabash Atlantic express and was bound over to the circuit court. Neither of his parents appeared with him in court. Stoltz is 13 years of age, and placed a brake shoe and stone in the frog of the track over a high embankment but a hand car happened along first and took the trip downhill that was intended for the heavily loaded and swiftly running passenger train.

A would-be incendiary placed cotton saturated with coal oil inside a shutter of the factory of the Garden City Stationary Company at Elkhart, but the cotton fell to the ground and was extinguished by the snow. Recently the home of the manager, C. H. Wright, was damaged \$2,500 by incendiarism.

Joseph Sands, a laborer, attempted to cross the Eel river bridge, near Laketon, in front of an approaching locomotive, attached to a pay car on the Chicago & Erie line, thinking it would stop for his fellow laborers, and he was struck and hurled into the river, where he drowned before assistance could be rendered. He was forty years old and a man of family.

The new Christian church at Pine Village has been dedicated by the Rev. L. L. Carpenter of Wabash. All indebtedness was lifted.

John W. Winship of Vincennes, forty-three years old, and Mrs. L. G. Percifield have been united in marriage. It is the sixth venture in matrimony for the bridegroom; all the other wives being dead.

Editor R. E. Purcell, of the Vincennes Sun, has been awarded first prize for the best descriptive story of Columbus by members of the Southern Indiana Press Association (25), while second prize (\$10) was given to E. A. Romo, of the Seymour Republican.

Charles W. Gearhart, working in a sawmill at South Bend, caught his coat on a setscrew and was whirled to his death. Last February he dreamed that he would be killed in this manner, and nothing could shake his belief but what the dream would come true.

John B. Livery, a Wabash switchman, was crushed to death under an engine at Peru. His wife resides at Danville, Ill.

Physical Director Dubridge of the Terre Haute Y. M. C. A., has asked the Paris (Ill.) association for a game of basketball between teams from the association of the two cities. There are more than fifty names on the list of membership of the Terre Haute association for basketball players. Six captains will be elected for six teams to play in the Terre Haute rooms, and the prospect is good for a series of championship games during the winter.

Two score and more of Tri-State Normal College students and an equal number of Angola boys between whom much bitterness had sprung up, met in the streets of Angola and fought it out, a number on both sides being severely bruised. The belligerents finally hauled off on their own account, the authorities not interfering.

The Rev. L. W. Applegate of Kendallville, has resigned as financial secretary of the northern Indiana Episcopal diocese, and the Rev. A. A. Ewing of Lima, has been appointed to the vacancy.

The temperature dropped to eight degrees below zero at Geneva, and as a result much damage was done in the oil field by the freezing and bursting of standpipes, lead lines, etc., which have not been covered or buried for the winter.

A new infirmary costing \$30,000 is being built for St. Mary's academy, South Bend